This Must Be the Place by botanicapoetica

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Summary:

now with a very necessary Steve POV chapter!

1. Chapter 1

Billy's life was always wrought with anger, floating on the surface with anyone he interacted with, with his foot pushing the gas pedal into the floor, with the shitty sharp words that flew out of his mouth. His home life was no different. There, something as innocuous as a knock on the door was insidious instead. It did no good to go into the world with anything but his best fighting stance.

Not here though.

Here, in bed with Steve, he was allowed to slip his defenses off like a well worn jacket. Outside of these walls there was nothing, this was all that existed and all that was important. His face and knees pressed into the soft mattress, hands running across Steve's blankets until they found the perfect place to hold on. The weight of Steve's body behind him, Steve's own hands running up into his curls, along his back, coming to rest in a strong grip on his hips. Steve inside of him, dragging back and forth at an excruciatingly slow pace. His ears filled with static and his gaze was lost somewhere a million miles ahead, and this was everything. The only thing.

"Come back, baby. Come on, where'd you go?" Steve's voice in his ear, his breath hot against his neck as he felt the other boy's hand reach up to gently push his hair behind his ear. Billy's eyes fluttered closed at this, his cheeks warming at Steve's voice, sounding so low and raspy and fucked out.

"There you are. There you are, fuck..." Steve's voice sounded behind him, his grip returning to Billy's hips, holding on as he picked up his pace. Billy's body involuntarily pushed back at each thrust, trying to get more of Steve's cock inside him, leaning up on his forearms to work himself back as hard as he could.

His head was tilted back by a hand coming to wrap around his throat, gently holding him. Billy began to let out small, punched out gasps, eyes watering with the overstimulation and the discomfort of not being able to touch himself. That was a rule, nearly the only one : Steve insisted on being the only one to get him off when they were in here. Normally that lack of agency would have been met with a

defense, a stubborn refusal. But not here, not in this place.

Here, he could let his body be held by someone who seemed to worship it. He could let his head hang in the grip of Steve Harrington, could invite all of him in and know that he was safe, even if it was only here.

Steve, with his sweet hands and punishing thrusts, finally decided to give him some relief. He felt a hand wrap around his cock, dripping desperately with precome, and pump him in time with his clapping thrusts. It took no time at all until Billy was coming with Steve's name on his lips, his voice cracking off into sob as his muscles gave out. He felt himself melting into the mattress, through the bed, through the floor and into the earth as Steve's thrusts became erratic and he came with a shout.

Some time must have passed because Steve's body had moved to his side on the mattress, his hands pulling Billy's body to fit into his side and finally to cradle his head to his chest. No one had ever handled Billy with this kind of care, this kind of cautiousness, and he doubted anyone else ever would.

But what did that matter? This was the only thing in the world. This was everything.

2. Tell Me Why

Summary for the Chapter:

> Hoo boy, this got away from me a bit! But here you go, the Steve POV companion piece to the first part! Enjoy!

Steve was sitting on his kitchen island eating dinner when the phone rang. He balanced his plate in one hand to reach for the phone, cradling it in his shoulder. “Harrington residence.”

“Harrington. Can I-fuck, forget it. I-shit.” Steve heard Billy stumble through the other end of the phone, sounding like he was rummaging through something, his voice stilted and nervous.

He knew what that tone of voice usually foretold. It had taken some time, some reluctant and then genuine apologies, and some months of awkward interactions between him and Billy for them to reach this point. But Steve knew now, what those noises over the phone meant, even if Billy would never quite say it. Something had happened at home, something to do with that absolute piece of shit Neil, the motherfucker he wanted to take his nail-filled bat to. Billy was trying to find his jacket and his keys, trying to find somewhere to go, and Steve wouldn’t stand for Billy ending up anywhere but under his watch right now.

“My parents are out of town. Just use the spot out front, I’ll see you soon.” Steve replied, hanging up to leave no room for argument. He’d learned that putting his protective nature out there too obviously to Billy earned him nothing but stubborn anger and further retreat.

He was in the middle of running his hand through his hair in the hallway mirror when he heard a singular knock on the door, pulling it open maybe a little too eagerly for his pride. Steve’s eyes landed on Billy and he was in equal parts mesmerized as usual and filled with righteous anger.

Billy Hargrove was beautiful, for all of the defensive macho bullshit he shoved out at people. His face was softly shaped, his eyes were big

and bright, eyelashes thick and long like some kind of old movie starlet's, lips plush and red. Steve had a hard time looking anywhere else, but there were other reasons why.

Billy's jaw was set, his mouth pressed in a stubborn line and his eyes fixated on the doorknob, red rimmed with the insinuation of previous tears. Steve could see he'd tried to hide away the evidence of a boxed ear with his hair, but the slight swelling of his temple gave him away. He reached out to casually usher him in, pushing the door closed.

"Sweetheart..." he said, once the finality of the door shutting them into safety sounded behind them. He kept his tone as quiet as he could, not wanting to spook Billy into defensive mode, but couldn't quite help the forlorn edge it carried. He reached slowly to run his fingertips along the spot on Billy's face that would certainly evolve into a bruise, only to have his hand snatched in a vicious grip before he could make contact. Billy's eyes bored into Steve's, not quite seeing him as much as they were looking through him.

"It's me. Hey, it's me. It's me, you're with me now." Steve said in a placating tone, relieved when he was able to extricate his hand out of Billy's grip. He tried again, met with a flinch from the blonde but not much else, and tried to push his luck a little by reaching his hand into the boy's thick waves of hair. He stepped backwards, silently pulling them toward his room, shutting the door upon arrival.

"Anywhere else?" His question was met with a minute shake of the head, but Steve's hands were already unbuttoning the last few buttons left on Billy's shirt. He slipped his hands underneath at the shoulders, sliding the boy's jacket and shirt to the floor. Not being met with any resistance, he finally leaned in to press a feather light, cautious kiss on Billy's lips.

The other boy exhaled heavily, a quiet, pained sound following his breath. He reached up to grab Steve's face, the kiss turning deep and desperate with Billy's tongue chasing for Steve's. Steve turned them until he was backing Billy slowly into the wall, crowding him in and returning the kiss in kind. His hands ran down Billy's body, from the top of his head to the top of his jeans. Planting one hand forcefully against the other's stomach, holding him in place, he used the other to unbutton and unzip him, digging the heel of his hand into the

erection present there.

Steve removed his hand from Billy's stomach to shove his pants and underwear down, thankful when Billy took the cue and kicked them the rest of the way off. With nothing in his way he began to pump his cock in earnest, aiming to claim the other boy's mouth with his own. After a few minutes he stepped back just slightly to survey his work.

Billy seemed to be just barely standing, his head leaning hopefully forward at the loss of contact. His pupils were blown wide under half open lids, those plush perfect lips swollen and open. The traces of his former distress still lingered slightly in the tremor of his hands, but Steve wasn't finished taking care of him. "On the bed." He said lowly, in that way he knew turned the other boy to jelly.

Steve watched as Billy crawled onto the bed, a flash of insecurity at not knowing what to do next passing over his face. That wouldn't do. Steve pulled his shirt off as he came to the bed, pushing Billy onto his stomach with a firm hand on the small of his back. He crawled on top of his body, pressing an open mouthed kiss under the other boy's ear, whispering, "I have you. I have you now, come on." Steve reached across the blonde's sweet, muscular back to pull some lube out of a drawer, setting it down behind him after coating his fingers.

As he slowly slipped the first finger into the boy underneath him he was met with a quiet, relieved whine and a welcoming relaxation of all of his muscles. Steve worked Billy open painfully slow, his own erection screaming at him, but he knew it had to be like this. He knew Billy deserved this consideration, this care, the only way he seemed to accept it at the moment. Only when he heard Billy gasp out "Now. God, now." did he even reach for his belt, reluctantly pulling his fingers out to slip out of the rest of his clothes.

When he finally pushed his cock as far as he could go inside the other boy and began to rock slowly, it felt like coming home. Like something precious and delicate was finally falling into place, something he could not take for granted. He was being given something here, something no one else had ever been able to possess, never been able to quite reach. Steve knew this was a task given to him and him alone, and he wouldn't fuck it up.

Watching Billy Hargrove fall apart and offer everything up, being able to know he was the only person on earth welcome to witness it, filled his chest with a crushing ache. Watching the blonde's curls splayed out in all directions, tears of arousal and some deep and secret emotion dropping on his sheets, sharp gasps leaving his lips, was like seeing the face of God.

When it was all over, when they were both spent, he pulled a dazed Billy up close to his side. Steve brought both of his hands to the other boy's head, fingers delving deep into his soft hair, and guided his head to his chest. He looked down at him, his beautiful, strong legs bent at the knees, feet tucking underneath Steve's. He watched as the boy nodded off, his features soft and unworried in sleep, and if this was the last thing he ever saw he would be okay with that.

More than okay.